

## Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Witch? (Chapter 2)

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Category: Charmed  
Language: English  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 2000-06-01 09:00:00  
Updated: 2000-06-01 09:00:00  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:06:53  
Rating: K  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 2,388  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: The continuation of the first chapter

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Prue and Phoebe both hold Piper's still body tight, their tears rolling off their face and onto Piper like the drops of rain. All of a sudden, in a gust of blue light, Leo orbs into the room and starts up to Piper's room. Stopped by the sound of Prue and Phoebe's cries, Leo goes into the kitchen to see what is wrong and sees Piper on the floor, still and peaceful. Leo, with a worried face starting to surface, rushes over to Piper and holds her, trying to grasp her away from Prue and Phoebe.

> <br> "What the hell happened?!?!?" exclaimed Leo.

> "Um." started Phoebe, "wellyou sent those apples on the porch, and I had a premonition I was going to choke on it or something, and then, then, Piper ate it, and now, now." Phoebe tried to mutter as many words as she could, but her tears overcame her voice. "Wait, wait," Leo interrupted, "what apples?"<br>

> "The apples you sent Piper," replied Phoebe.<br> "I never sent any apples," said Leo.

> "You never?!?! But, there were apples on the front steps, and they said TO MY LOVE, PIPER." said Phoebe.<br> "Well, I don't know who put them there, but it sure wasn't me" said Leo.

> "Whoever sent them, they were poisoned or something, because Piper's dead!!!" Phoebe shouted.<br>

> Leo reached to feel Piper's pulse but couldn't find it. Leo put his hands over Piper, and slowly, his hands began to glow as the sun glares in the sunny afternoon. After minutes of trying, Leo looked down and tears began to fall from his eyes slowly. "II can't heal her. She's dead." Leo said. "Butbut you have to be able to! SHE'S PIPER, YOUR LOVE! You healed her that time she had Arroyo Fever!"

Prue exclaimed. "Yes, but that was different. Piper wasn't fully dead yet. She had just died but it takes a few minutes for her soul to be completely severed from her body, which is what makes a person fully dead. From what I see, Piper is now fully dead." Leo explained.<br>

> Prue and Phoebe bent closer to Piper and hugged her, crying uncontrollably. "I swear, whatever demon or warlock did this, I'll kill them!!!!!! I'll enjoy making them suffer!!!!" Phoebe exclaimed. "This is the first case that I've seen that a demon or warlock used poisoned apples to kill witches." said Leo as tears slowly dropped from his eyes. "It seems like they're copying Snow White or something."<br>

> Phoebe shot a quick look back up at Leo and her eyes widened. "Maybe it's a demon that copies fairy tales or something. Is there such a thing?"<br>

> "Hmmmnot that I've heard of, but there are too many demons in the world for me to keep track. You could go check your book of shadows." "What's the use," started Phoebe, "it's not going to bring back Piper."<br>

> "Well.." Leo started, keeping himself from crying anymore, "if this turns out to be a demon copying fairy tales, then maybe Piper isn't dead. If I remember fairy tales correctly, wasn't Snow White just trapped in a deep sleep?"<br>

> Phoebe eyes glowed with brilliance. "Yes, she was. She appeared dead, but she was only sleeping for eternity until Prince Charming comes to kiss her."<br>

> "Well, maybe Piper is in a deep sleep like Snow White." said Leo.<br>

> "Or maybe not," started Phoebe, "look, Snow White is a fairy tale. It is FAKE! This is reality, and do you think a demon would risk Piper coming to life again by a kiss from Prince Charming?"<br>

> "Well, actually, from what I've heard, most fairy tales are true" started Leo. "What?!?!" replied Phoebe. "Well, not true as in completely real-life story true. But from what I've heard, most fairy tales were inspired by real-life stories. This is just what I've heard, but Snow White and Cinderella and Hansel and Gretal and Sleeping Beauty and Pinocchio, well, the tales you hear nowadays aren't entirely true, but I have heard that the characters really did exist and the plot of the fairy tales really happened to these people."<br>

> "You're telling me that these little fairy tales really happened?" Phoebe asked doubtfully.<br> "Well, yes, but of course, you know the story becomes stretched and over the years, they change and all until they differ greatly from what really happened, but from what I have heard once again, fairy tales were based from real-life events." Leo explained.

> <br> "Well, so why can't you heal Piper? If she isn't dead but trapped in some deep sleep, then why can't you heal her?" asked Prue.

> <br> "Well, if she really is trapped in a deep sleep, there must be powerful magic behind it that my powers can't break through - powerful BLACK magic. Spells like the ones the witch used in Snow White are only found in high-level black magic, and not only that, but they are of ancient high-level black magic, as in knowledge of this sort of magic is rare today and hard to find in books anymore."

> <br> "So, do you think our Book of Shadows would have a way out of this? I mean, our family magic is ancient after all." said Prue.

> <br> "You can check, but probably not. From my knowledge, this kind of eternal sleeping spell was developed by ancient sorcerers of evil,

and you come from good witches who practice good magic and would likely not even know about this sort of thing." Leo said.

> <br> "Then what are we suppose to do, watch Piper lay here, not knowing if she's dead or in some eternal sleep?" asked Phoebe vehemently.

> <br> "Well, even if she is in some eternal sleep, I wouldn't know how to break through it," started Leo, "This magic is powerful, and ancient evil sorcerers were clever. There was always a flaw to any kind of magic, something that would break a spell, but the sorcerers worked for centuries to make sure that there would only be ONE way to break their different kinds of spells, and they kept this way secret."

> <br> "Kiss her," shouted Phoebe. "What?" answered Leo. "Kiss Piper," said Phoebe, "that's how Prince Charming saved Snow White, with a kiss of true love. It's our only hope. If you say fairy tales are based off of real-life events, then our only hope is to pray this works."

> <br> Leo knelt close to piper, feeling her warm, loving, peaceful body. His lips slowly reached Piper's, and as one tear fell from his eye, his lips met Piper's in a passionate, complete kiss with all of Leo's emotions for Piper. Leo then lifted up his head as he watched Piper, who was still not moving and silent. There Leo, Phoebe, and Prue sat, waiting anxiously for Piper to awake. After a few minutes, Piper still lay there, still and not moving.

> <br> "SHE'S DEAD!!!!!" Phoebe screamed as she hugged Piper and let her tears gush out from her eyes onto Piper's face. Prue followed and held Piper's hand, motionless and in awe, only tears falling from her eyes. Leo sat there looking at Piper, as tears filled his eyes while he tried his best to hold them in.

> <br> Meanwhile, next door, the old lady was knitting a black scarf, an evil smile lurking on her cold, icy face. Her crystal ball was transparent now, not showing the Halliwells anymore, and her cat was playing with the yarn left over from her knitting. "Well, it's been a whole hour. That good witch is gone! Hahaha! I feel so prudent today. In fact, since I feel so prudent, I will dedicate my next victim to this word, which will be the eldest, Prudence! Hahaha! Now, how should I kill her? I can't think on an empty stomach! I need a snack!"

> <br> The old lady walked to her window and looked outside, noticing a young girl selling girl-scout cookies. "Hmmm, she's a bit skinny, but I do have that diet after all, so I can't eat too much. She'll have to do!" The old lady opens the door and waves her hand at the girl. The little girl with shiny, blonde hair and sweet and lovely blue eyes skipped over to the old lady's front door and asked excitedly, "Hi miss! Would you like some girl-scout cookies? We're raising money to go to Florida next year!" The old lady grinned and responded, "Sure sweetie! I'd love to! Why don't you come inside and I will get the money. O, how I do love cookies!" The girl's eyes lighted up with excitement and exclaimed, "Thank you! I might have a chance at being the girl who sold the most cookies and get a prize! Yay!!!!!!!!!"

> <br> The old lady smiled and led the girl into her house. As soon as she closed the door, the old lady shut her blinds and looked at the girl with an evil smile. The girl turned around, somewhat frightened, and asked, "so, how many boxes do you want?"

> <br> The old lady came closer to the girl as the girl slowly backed away and said, "I changed my mind, I don't want cookies. I want YOU!!!!!!!!!"

> <br> The little girl had scared eyes now and backed to the wall. "M..me???"

> <br> The old lady smiled and answered, "Yes, you!!!!!!!" Saying this, the old lady reached for a rope in her pocket and wrapped it around the girl's neck. The little girl, small and weak, tried to break free from the grasp, but the more she struggled, the tighter the old lady squeezed the rope. Suddenly, the little girl stopped struggling, and as soon as the old lady let go of the rope from her neck, she dropped to the ground, dead. The old lady smiled wickedly and carried the girl to her kitchen. The old lady took out a wooden cane, with a glass ball at the very top, and pointed it toward a clear kitchen wall. As she pointed, the glass ball at the top of the cane, which was facing the wall, began to glow a shade of evil green and shot a green light which hit the wall, exploding in a green gas. As the gas cleared, an oven appeared, black, old, and dusty. The old lady opened the oven slowly and placed the little girl inside, cooking her. As the little girl baked inside her magical oven, the evil witch waves her hand over her crystal ball and saw Prue, crying endlessly alone in the bathroom. The old lady laughed as she watched Prue, and an idea hit her evil mind. The wicked witch waved both of her hands continuously over the crystal ball, chanting:

> <br> I conjure thee, I conjure thee.  
> Powers of the dark, black as night.<br> Make this good witch see, make her see  
> I invoke the sight, I invoke the sight.<br>  
> The old lady continued waving her hands over the crystal ball, closing her eyes in concentration. Suddenly, Prue turns her head as she sees a little girl outside the bathroom window, the same little girl who is baking in the wicked witch's magical oven. The girl is pale and whispers to Prue from outside the window, "Help me." Prue comes closer to the window, rubbing her eyes to see if she is hallucinating this. "Help me come here and help me.." continues the girl. "Who..who are you?" Prue asks.<br>  
> The girl continues crying "help me" as Prue comes closer to the window, hypnotized her by pale face. Suddenly, the girl changes. Her face slowly shapeshifts to that of Patty Halliwell, the deceased mother of the Halliwell sisters. The woman who appears to be Patty Halliwell now cries, "Help me, Prue! Help!"<br>  
> Prue's eyes widen as she cries, "Mom!" The woman appearing as her mother has a terrified look on her face as she cries, "come out here, Prue, and help me!" Prue opens the window slowly and climbs out trying to reach her mom, forgetting she is climbing out the window. "Mom, I'm here! I'll save you!" The woman appearing as her mom slowly reaches her hand out for Prue, but she floats away slowly as she reaches. Prue extends her body out of the window more as she tries to save her mom. Suddenly, the woman appearing as Patty Halliwell disappears, and Prue realizes she is extended out of the window. She panics and as a cry for help tries to surface from her voice, she drops and hangs onto the ledge barely with her right hand. "Help!!!" she cries as she hangs on as best as she could. Phoebe and Leo rush into the bathroom upon hearing this and see Prue, hanging onto the window ledge tightly. "Prue!!!!!!!!!!!" shouts Phoebe. Phoebe starts to reach her hand for Prue when Prue suddenly loses grip of the ledge and falls. Phoebe screams as she sees her own sister fall, and the old lady next door cackles as she watches her fall through her crystal ball, saying, "Two down, one to go!"<br>

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